

## Confusion

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Summary: Tradition were teachings of the old, the wise. Tradition was what they lived by. Now, as he watches tradition crumble before him, he is shocked he won't even lift a finger to stop it.

## Confusion

Stoick paced in his ship, slowly, carefully; as if he were afraid his heavy steps would break the entire ship if he wasn't careful. His occasional sighs were, too, uttered with caution. Quick glances cast to his unconscious son only confirmed the subject of his worries.

The other Vikings on board attempted to recreate a shred of their Chief's emotions in their own minds, perhaps to relate in any way to the situation, but none of them could get so far as near to Stoick's inner conflicts. No Viking had ever witnessed such an event until today.

"What am I going to do?" The redheaded man muttered to no one in particular, roughly combing his beard with his fingers. His childhood friend, a blonde-bearded Viking, gave Stoick a faintly sympathetic look.

"I...suppose it was just a matter of time," He sighed, eyes cast towards the deck solemnly, "All of us had, at some point, realized he was different,"

Stoick grumbled, turning around to face the blacksmith. His hands massaged his face, muffling the words he spoke in a distressed tone: "How could I have ever expected this? Thisâ€|this isâ€|"

Gobber's eyebrows rose, and he looked his friend square in his face, "Howcould \_anyone \_possibly expect this? It's not your fault you didn't know,"

"But, Gobber, I'm his \_father. \_I feel ashamedâ€|ashamed to say that I didn't evenâ€|I-Iâ€|" Sighing, Stoick found a wooden bench a few steps away and sat on the edge, placing his head in his hands. Gobber took this as a sign that Stoick wanted to be left alone, and obeyed the unsaid request hesitantly.

A few moments passed, in which Stoick simply sat in silence, his ears catching the Night Fury's breathing.

"â€|Parents are supposed to know these things about their own childâ€|" Stoick began, lifting his head to look out at the ocean in front of him.

\_My father- He told me what a Viking could do, Gobber. They can crush mountains, level forests â€" tame seas!\_

The ocean stretched out in front of him nowâ€| It was huge, and as it created wave after wave, it so coldly reminded him that it was indeed untameable. His arms hit his sides with a soft \_thwap, \_and realization dawned upon him like a boulder.

For the first time in a long time, Stoick feltâ€|\_desperate\_.

\_What am I to believe?\_

Once againâ€|the dragon's breathing was audible. Stoick's eyes slid to the wooden deck, and he heaved a long, exasperated sigh. He kneeled down beside his boy and the dragon, catching sight of a dimly glowing, discarded axe. The axe had blood splattered on the blade, from flecks near the handle to splashes on the dull edges. Stoick recoiled; wondering what creature's skin must the axe have penetrated to receive such a deadly polish. As much as he didn't like it, it was still an axe. Crafted to pierce, slash, \_and destroy.\_

The dragonâ€|it seemed so vulnerableâ€|

No. He would not kill the dragon. Not after all it â€" um, \_he \_had done for both him and his son, he could not.

His instincts told him otherwise.

\_But that would be \_wrong\_\*\*.\*\*\_

He reluctantly looked at the blood-speckled axe once again, his gaze hardening as he studied it.

Why was it that, a life he knew so well and had lived for years, was slowly morphing into one of the gruesome tails he'd heard of sadistic Viking warriors?

He shook his head, beard swaying from side to side. He was not like that. His people were not like that. Sadism is frowned upon, and it can even lead to banishment.

He didn't wish for any of this to happen, but even he knew that if Hiccup had told him about the dragon earlier, he would have killed it and hung its scales on his wall as a trophy without giving it a second thought.

That was the Viking way. It was tradition, and breaking tradition has long since been a sin worthy of exile.

Now, when he has stooped low enough to not even remember the difference between right and left, he dared to break the tradition.

He picked up the axe, a look of disgust written on his tired face, and flung it far out into the ocean, where it gradually sank through the ocean's waters. He retook his position in front of his son and the dragon, sighing as he felt his mind grow lighter by the second.

He laid a strong, calloused hand on his son's head, softly ruffling his hair. Pure nostalgia flooded back to the chief, as Stoick realized he hadn't done this to the boy since his wife died.

He continued the action in soft, soothing movements, the way he used to when four year old Hiccup used to unexpectedly fall asleep on the floor. Odin knows how the boy got tired so quickly.

He subconsciously allowed his mind to drift towards the dragon, whose tail was encircled around Hiccup protectively. He watched the dragon's 'ears' twitch in his sleep, and felt his forest green eyes soften.

Suddenly, the black dragon he kneeled beside did not look so hideous anymore.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: <strong>\_Something random. The beginning doesn't sound nearly as good as the end, in my opinion, but that's just me, I suppose.\_

\_What do ya think? :D\_

End  
file.